

Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

Mar. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I binde my woes :

When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth overflow ?

If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,

Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face ?

And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile ?

I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow :

Shée is the weeping welkin, I the earth :

Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,

Then must my earth with her continuall teares,

Become a deluge : overflow'd and drown'd :

For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them :

Then giue me leaue, for loofers will haue leaue,

To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,

For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour :

Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.

And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe :

Thy griefes, their sports : Thy resolution mockt,

That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,

More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot *Arena* coole in *Cicilie*,

And be my heart an euer-burning hell :

These miseries are more then may be borne.

To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,

But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luci. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrinke thereat :

That euer death should let life beare his name,

Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,

As frozen water to a starved snake.

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end ?

Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,

Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,

Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here :

Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight

Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,

Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.

Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,

Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand

Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight

The closing vp of our most wretched eyes :

Now is a time to storme, why art thou still ?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha,

Mar. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this houre.

Ti. Why I haue not another teare to shed :

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,

And make them blinde with tributarie teares,

Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Cause ?

For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,

And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,

Till all these mischiefs be returned againe,

Euen in their throats that haue committed them.

Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,

You heauie people, circle me about,

That I may turne me to each one of you,

And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs.

The vow is made, come Brother take a head,

And in this hand the other will I beare.

And *Lavinia* thou shalt be employd in these things :

Beare thou my hand sweet wench betwene thy teeth :

As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,

Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,

Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an army there,

And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,

Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father :

The woful'st man that euer liu'd in Rome :

Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucius* come againe,

Heloues his pledges dearer then his life :

Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,

O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,

But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* liues

But in obliuion and hateful griefes :

If *Lucius* liue, he will requit your wrongs,

And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse

Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.

Now will I to the *Goths* and raise a power,

To be reueng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius.*

A Buzzer.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more

Then will preferre iust so much strength in vs

As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus vnknit that sorrow-wreath knot :

Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands

And cannot passionate our tenfold griefe,

With fouled Armes. This poore right hand of mine,

Is left to tyrannize vpon my breast.

Who when my hart all mad with misery,

Bears in this hollow prison of my flesh,

Then thus I thumpe it downe.

Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,

When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still ?

Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with groanes :

Or get some little knife betwene thy teeth,

And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,

That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall

May run into that sinke, and soaking in,

Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.

Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay

Such violent hands vpon her tender life.

An. How now ! Has sorrow made thee doate already ?

Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I :

What violent hands can she lay on her life :

Ah, wherefore dost thou vrge the name of hands,

To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice ore

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?

O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,

Least we remember still that we haue none,

Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke

As if we should forget we had no hands :

If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.

Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,

Heere is no drinke ? Harke *Marcus* what she saies,

I can interpret all her martir'd signes,

She saies, she drinke no other drinke but teares

Breu'd with her sorrow : meth'd vpon her cheekes,

Speech.

Speechlesse complaynet, I will learne thy thought :

In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect

As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.

Thou shalt not fight nor hold thy stumps to heauen,

Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe,

But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,

And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire leaue these bitter deepe laments,

Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,

Doth weepe to see his grandfires heauinesse.

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,

And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.

What dost thou strike at *Marcus* with knife.

Mar. At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Flys

An. Out on the murderour : thou kil'st my hart,

Mine eyes cloid with view of Tirranie :

A deed of death done on the Innocent

Becomes not *Titus* brother : get thee gone,

I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flie.

An. But ? How : if that flie had a father and mother ?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings

And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,

Poore harmlesse Fly,

That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came heere to make vs merry,

And thou hast kil'd him.

Mar. Pardon me sir,

It was a blacke illfaun'd Fly,

Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him.

An. O, o, o,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a Charitable deed :

Giue me thy knife, I will insult on him,

Flattering my selfes, as if it were the Moore,

Come hither purposely to poyson me.

There's for thy selfe, and thats for *Tamira* : Ah sirra,

Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,

But that betwene vs, we can kill a Fly,

That comes in likeness of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, griefe ha's so wrought on him,

Hetakes false shadowes, for true substances.

An. Come, take away : *Lavinia*, goe with me,

Ile to thy cloister, and goe read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.

Come boy, and goe with me, thy fight is young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandfire helpe, my Aunt *Lavinia*,

Followes me euery where I know not why.

Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,

Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme

Boy. I when my father was in Rome she did.

Mar. What meanes m

Ti. Feare not *Lucius*

See *Lucius* see, how muc

Some whether would th

Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer

Read to her sonnes, ther

Sweet Poetry, and Tull

Canst thou not gesse wh

Boy. My Lord I kno

Vnlesse some fit or fren

For I haue heard my Gr

Extremite of griefes w

And I haue read that *H*

Ran mad through sorrow

Although my Lord, I kn

Loues me as deare as er

And would not but in fi

Which made me downe

Causles perhaps, but pa

And Madam, if my Vnc

I will most willingly at

Mar. *Lucius* I will

Ti. How now *Lavin*

Some booke there is th

Which is it girle of the

But thou art deeper rea

Come and take choys

And so beguile thy tor

Reuale the damn'd con

What booke ?

Why lifts she vp her arm

Mar. I thinke she me

Confederate in the fact,

Or else to heauen she he

Ti. *Lucius* what bo

Boy. Grandfire 'tis C

My mother gaue it me.

Mar. For loue of h

Perhabs she culd it from

Ti. Soft, so busily sh

Helpe her, what would s

This is the tragicke tale

And treates of *Tereus* tr

And rape I feare was r

Mar. See brother se

Ti. *Lavinia*, wert th

Rauisht and wrong'd as

For'd in the ruthlesse, v

See, see, I such a place th

(O had we neuer, neuer

Patern'd by that the Po

By nature made for mur

Mar. O why shoul

Vnlesse the Gods deligh

Ti. Giue signes sweet gi

What Romaine Lord it

Or slunke not *Saturnine*,

That left the Campe to

Mar. Sit downe sweet

Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or C

Inpire me that I may t

My Lord looke heere, lo

He writes his Nar

with

This sandie plot is plain</